

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, September 27. 1707.

More Discouragements! More bad News! More Disappointments! Our Hearts are quite broke now. — This canting Fellow in his *Review* bids us not be discourag'd, and tells us of ravaging *France*, passing the *Rhose*, railing Contributions, and such like *Whims* and *Rhodomontades* of his own; and all this while we are running away as fast as we can, and have the *French* at our Heels — And yet he calls us victorious and superiour; if we do not laugh at him, all the World will laugh at us.

Well, Gentlemen, and has not this been your Language now upon the late *Reviews*, and the present Posture of Affairs? — And yet I say, there is no Cause to be discouraged; and I leave this to the Issue — And without the Spirit of Prophecy, I lay this

down as an Affirmative, which I am satisfied, I shall never have Reason to be ashamed of — Let the Emperor have no more Diversions — Let Prince *Eugene* have his compleat Forces together, and his *Neapolitan* Army; most of which, that Kingdom being now reduc'd, may be spar'd; and you shall find, the *French* shall not stand before him yet, no, nor be able to defend their own Frontiers.

Prince *Eugene* is retreated, broken and shatter'd from *Toulon* — Well, if so broken and shatter'd, why did ye not fall upon him in his Marches? Why did not the victorious *French* charge his Rear, or insult his Flanks? Certainly, either he was not so broken and shatter'd, or the *Marschal De Trefse* can give but a very ill Account of himself.

And

And to examine a little this Matter, why did the Imperial Army retreat out of *Provence*, I am clear in this—Not for Fear of being fallen upon or beaten by the *French*; for they had 16000 Men in *Piedmont*, they could have called to joyn them, and our Accounts say, 8000 actually met them, and with that Assistance the *French* would never have bid them Battle—But depending upon the Fleet for their Supply in the Siege, which was their proper Design, they had erected no Magazines, had no Recourse, settled no Place of Arms, nor made the necessary Preparations for subsisting in an Enemies Country.

This, I presume, will be allow'd to be a good Reason, why they could not press upward at this Time: But let us patiently view the State of Affairs there, and compare them with what has been, and you will soon see, there is no Occasion for such melancholy, flegmatick Reflections, as our Enemies every Day suggest to us.

Pray, let such People look back to the Beginning of the last Campaign, Prince *Eugene* on the remotest Part of *Lombardy* beyond the *Adda*, the Duke de *Vendosme* encamp'd on the hither side, fortify'd, entrenched and superiour in Number; at the same time look behind him, the Duke de *Vendosme* besieging the Duke of *Savoy's* Capital City, the Duke hunted like a Partridge upon the Mountains, his Family driven out of their Country, and slain to take Sanctuary at *Genoa*, the City at its last Extremity, and the *Germans* taking a desperate March full of infinite Obstructions, Difficulties and Uncertainties to attempt its Relief, and when they should come up to the Place, have an Army two to one in Number, intrench'd up to the Teeth in fortify'd Lines planted with Cannon.

All this while, Gentlemen, you were not discourag'd, full of Hopes and promising Presages; And all things answer'd your highest Wishes; nay, more than any body could have suggested, he must have had but a small Share of Modesty, that could have said, he expected such Events as happen'd, and yet you were not discourag'd.

But what's the Matter now? What's the Matter now? What's the Matter now? That be-

cause we have not carry'd our Design upon *Thoulon*, must despair, and give it all up once; I tell you, Gentlemen, wise Men and brave Men may run away, but none but Fools despair.

Had the *Mareschal de Telfe* serv'd the *Germans* before *Thoulon*, as the *Germans* serv'd the Duke of *Orleans* before *Turin*, attack'd him in his Camp, kill'd and taken 13000 of his Men, and 11000 Horses, with all his Cannon, &c. and having quite overthrown him, driven him back over the *Vair* with a few broken Remains. This indeed would have been a melancholy Story, and yet the *French*, you see, were not dismay'd at all this, but piecing up their broken Fortunes, prepare to mend them by Bravery and Fighting—Let us learn of them to be vigilant, swift and undiscouraged.

The *French* bore all the Havock the last Campaign made of them, and the severest Blows that ever Nation felt, and yet lift themselves up again; and here we are terrifying our selves with Negatives, not for being beaten, or having lost this or that, but because we have not gain'd what we would have—Because we have not carry'd our Design, and have not conquer'd what we expected.

This was not King *William's* Way, Gentlemen, if it had, we had long ago been under the *Egyptian* Servitude of *France*—Where had the Cause been, if King *William* had despair'd, whenever he was overpowered by the *French*; his Resolution to dye in the last Ditch of his Country, always made him like *Anteus*, rise stronger from a Fall, than he was before it.

In short, he conquer'd the *French* by Perseverance, and by pursuing his End under the most insuperable Difficulties; after every Defeat he grew stronger, after every Loss he doubled, not his Forces only, but his Courage: Thus after the Battle of *Lunden*, in which the *French* thought his Power broken, and that the Confederacy had receiv'd a mortal Stab, which it would never recover. The very next Year we find him superiour to the Enemy, and quickly under the Walls of *Namure*.

The Imperial Forces after the Affair of *Thoulon* suffer in all these Cases, they have receiv'd

receiv'd no extraordinary Loss, no capital Blow, they have driven the *French* out of *Italy*, and reduced them to the Defensive; we see them now behind their Intrenchments, fortifying passes, and defending their own Frontiers, instead of invading *Italy*—What Occasion then have we to be so melancholy and dejected?

Nor is it so improbable, that we shall yet see the Imperial Troops invading *France*, if not this Season, early the next, and then we shall not be so much Reason for Disencouragements; you may see the Approach of it already in the just Apprehension of the *French*, who are marching their Troops to their Frontiers of *Dauphiné*, and

there we shall soon hear more of them: Let us have Patience; I am persuaded, Prince *Eugene* will give them a Remembrance, yet, that shall revive us; and I see no reason to doubt it, if they will but let him have the Troops he is used to fight with: I confess, I do not expect much from the Duke of *Savoy's* Troops, his Royal Highness is a brave and forward Prince, but his Troops are not equally good with the Imperialists; he desires to command better Troops, and I believe, will make his own good as they are capable to be; but for the *Prince of Orange* must do his Work, not the *Archbishops* or *Piemontese*.

MISCELLANEA.

I cannot discuss the Story of the War I am now engaged with at a little Match, and perhaps a very good one may be made of it too, tho' Part of it be upon our own Misfortunes.

In the publick Papers we have an Account, that his Electoral Highness of *Hannover* is just upon the Point of arriving in the Imperial Army, and that when the *Lunenburg* and *Prussian* Troops are arriv'd, 'tis hop'd, that Army may be in a Condition to act offensively.

This is a merry Tale, tho' on a melancholy Subject; and particularly when it is enquir'd, whence this is wrote, and the Answer is two-fold.

1. This is wrote from *Frankfort au Main*, dated 10th of *September*, so that the English of this is, that if the Troops arrive, and his Electoral Highness, who must have some Time, and no little Trouble to put such a confus'd Army into a Condition to act at all—When, I say, about 14 Days are spent in these most necessary things, then, viz: When all the other Armies are going into Winter Quarters, then they will be in a Posture to act offensively.

2. This is after the *French* have play'd their Game, and had their full Swing in *Germany*, and the Palatinate, by I wait

the Country between the *Neckar* and the *Main*, brought the *Elector of Mainz*, the *Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt*, the *Marquis of Baden Durlach*, the *Princess of Baden*, the *Duke of Wurttemberg*, and all the County of *Swabia*, to the Mountains of *Tyrol*, under Contribution, and enrich'd the very Exchequer of *France*, with the Wealth of *Germany*. Now they are prepared, and for what, to march most offensively into Winter Quarters.

I must confess, 'tis pity such a Prince as the *Elector of Hannover*, and a Life we have so much Interest in, should be expos'd to the Hazards of such Management; and the only thing that can justify it, is the Hope that his great Interest in the Affairs of *Europe*, as well as Prudence and Conduct, will rectifie these things, which if not, I shall place them among the Incurable.

The next thing I am to touch at, is a very pleasant Story to be seen in the publick Prints of *Yesterday*, written from *Paris*, viz: That an Express from *Spain* has brought Advice, "That on the 24th past, the Duke of *Orleans* march'd to forrage a little *Vill*—*call'd Bellegarde*, and that the Earl of *Galloway* advanc'd with 56 Squadrons to prevent him; that they engag'd, that the